

The Mariettian.

In Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 38.

BRITTON & MUSSER'S

FAMILY DRUG STORE.
Market Street, Marietta, Pa.
BRITTON & MUSSER, successors to Dr. F. H. Britton, will continue the business at the old stand, where they are daily receiving additions to their stock, which are received from the most reliable importers and manufacturers. They would respectfully ask a liberal share of public patronage. They are now prepared to supply the demands of the public with everything in their line of trade. Their stock of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
IS FRESH AND PURE, HAVING JUST ARRIVED.
Pure Wines and Liquors
FOR MEDICINAL USES ONLY.
ALL THE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES.
ALL KINDS OF all kinds, Fancy and Toilet Articles of every kind, Alcoholic and Fluid Extracts, Alcaoids and Resinoids, all the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Breast Pumps, Nipple Shields and Shields, Nursing Bottles,
A large supply of
HAT, HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.
Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Combs, Hair Dyes, Invigorators, &c.; Coal Oil, Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wick, &c. Physicians supplied at reasonable rates.
Medicines and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded at all hours of the day and sent by express to all parts of the country. Having had over ten years of practical experience in the drug business enables him to guarantee entire satisfaction to all his patrons who purchase the new firm.
Dr. Hays's Compound Syrup of Tar, on hand and for sale.
A large supply of School Books, Stationery, &c., always on hand.
SUNDAY HOURS:
From 5 to 10, a. m.—12 to 2, and 5 to 6 p. m.
Charles H. Britton. A. Musser.
Marietta, October 20, 1866. 111f.
Established 1829.

SCHULTZ'S

Old Established
Hat, Cap & Fur Store,
NO. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.
WE would respectfully announce that our styles for the Fall and Winter of 1866, are now ready, consisting of
Gentlemen's Ultra Slick, Cassimere, Plain and Bushy, Fur and Wool, or Cassimere, Soft and Stiff Cassimere, Soft and Steel extended Urines, and Flexible Self-adjusting and O'Leary's.
In new, novel and beautiful designs, and at such prices as to make it an inducement for all to purchase.
Caps! Caps!!
Our stock of Caps comprises all the newest styles for Men, Boys and Children's Fall and Winter wear. Our motto is,
"Equality to all."
The lowest selling price marked in figures on each article, and never varied from.
SCHULTZ & BROTHERS,
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,
No. 20 North Queen-st., Lancaster.
All kinds of Shipping Furs bought and the highest Cash prices paid.

H. L. & E. J. ZAHM,
Jewelers,
Corner of North Queen Street,
and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.
WE are prepared to sell American and Swiss Watches at the lowest cash rates. We buy directly from the Importers and Manufacturers, and can, and do sell Watches as low as they can be bought in Philadelphia or New-York.
A fine stock of Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, Silver and Silver-plated ware constantly on hand. Every article fairly represented.
H. L. & E. J. ZAHM,
Corner North Queen Street and Centre Square
LANCASTER, PA.

First National Bank of Marietta.
THIS BANKING ASSOCIATION
HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION is now prepared to transact all kinds of **BANKING BUSINESS.**
The Board of Directors meet weekly, on Wednesday, for discount and other business. **Bank Hours:** From 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.
JOHN HOLLINGER, PRESIDENT.
AMOS BOWMAN, Cashier.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY,
LATE OF HARRISBURG.
OFFICE—Front Street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut streets, Columbia.

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.
OFFICE—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET opposite the Court House, where he will attend to the practice of his profession in all its various branches.

H. S. TROUT, M. D.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Marietta and vicinity.
OFFICE:—In the Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. F. Hinkle, Market-st., Marietta.

F. Hinkle, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
HAVING removed to Columbia, would embrace this opportunity of informing his former patients and families in Marietta and vicinity, that he can still be consulted daily, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at the residence of Mr. Thomas Stence. Any word left there will be promptly attended to.
Marietta, April 1, 1867.-1f.

G. W. Worrall,
Surgeon Dentist,
MARKET STREET, ADJOINING
Spangler & Rich's Store, second floor,
MARIETTA, PA.

TERMS.
The Mariettian is published weekly, at \$1:50 a-year, payable in advance. Office in "Lindsay's Building," near the Post office corner, Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: One square, ten lines or less, 75 cents for the first insertion, or three times for \$1:50. Professional or Business Cards, of six lines or less, \$5 a-year. Notices in the reading columns, ten cents a-line; general advertisements seven cents a line for the first insertion, and for every additional insertion, four cents. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

Having put up a new Jobber press and added a large addition of job type, cuts, border, etc., will enable the establishment to execute every description of Plain and Fancy Printing, from the smallest card to the largest poster, at short notice and reasonable rates.

Seasons.
O the cheerful budding time!
When thorn-hedges turn to green,
When new leaves of elm and lime
Cleave and shed their winter screen;
Tender lambs are born and "bar,"
North winds find no need to bring
Vigorous Nature laughs "Ha, ha,"
In the miracle of spring.

O the gorgeous blossom days!
When broad flag-flowers drink and blaze,
In and out in summer blaze
Dragon flies flash to and fro;
Ashen branches hang out keys,
Oaks put forth the rosy shoot,
Wandering herds walk sleek at ease,
Lovely blossoms end in fruit.

O the shouting harvest weeks!
Mother earth grown fat with sheaves,
Thrifty gleaner finds who seeks;
Russet golden pomp of leaves
Crowns the woods, to fall at length;
Bracing winds are felt to stir,
Ocean gathers up her strength,
Beasts renew their dwindled fur.

O the starving winter lapse!
Ice-bound, hunger-pinched and dim;
Dormant roots recall their saps,
Empty nests show black and grim,
Short-lived sunshine gives no heat,
Undue buds are nipped by frost,
Snow sets forth a winding sheet,
And all hope of life seems lost.

A MIXIN' OF BABIES—An exchange gets off the following funny row among the babies and their mothers: Some time ago there was a dancing party given up "North"; most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy praverity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a "break down." No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous imps than they stripped the infants, changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a dress of her own and started some to their home, ten or fifteen miles off and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following, there was a tremendous row in the settlement; mothers discovered that single might had changed the sex of their babies—observation disclosed physical phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart it required two days to unmix the babies, and as many mouths to restore the women to their sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any one of the baby mixers to venture into the territory.

A good wife is one who puts her husband in at the side of the bed next to the wall, and tucks him to keep him warm in the winter; splits the wood, makes the fire in the morning, washes her husband's face, and draws on his boots for him; never scolds, never suffers a rent to remain in her husband's small clothes; keeps her shoes up at the heel and her stockings darned; never wonders what he sees interesting in the young woman who lives across the way, and always reproves the children when they eat their father's supper.

The following toast was given at a printer's supper:
"The Printer—Independent as a wood-sawyer's clerk, proud as Lucifer, poor as Job's turkey, and the personification of intelligence."

A widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out: "Poor fellow! how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires."

Mankind has been learning for six thousand years, and few have learnt that their fellow-beings are as them-

Anonymous Letters.

Is it ever proper to write anonymous letters? Does any good end sanctify such means? It is sometimes done inconsiderately and without thought of the serious consequences that may result. In such cases there is perhaps less guilt, especially in young and thoughtless persons, than when the offence is committed by older persons. But is it ever right? It is occasionally done playfully as a practical joke; sometimes even in friendship, to warn an innocent person of impending danger; sometimes to prevent the perpetration of a wrong; but most frequently the whole thing is the offspring of malice, revenge, envy, jealousy, or some equally evil passion.

Sometimes this is, as we have said, begun simply from the love of fun and mischief. But in that case, though it may seem fun to the writer, it may not be so to the receiver; and it is impossible to calculate the injury to sensitive feelings and the other evils it may and does occasion. In such case, though it is written in general truth, or, worse still, a perversion of some partial truth. It was a good caution to his son by a wise old man, who was himself very fond of fun, never to write a joke, as it might so easily get into the wrong hands, or come at a wrong time, when the eye of the joker could not see the mischief done nor his tongue repair it. But to write a perversion of facts, even for fun, often produces results that no gentleman would willingly be guilty of. More quarrels and duels have eventuated from the poison thus insinuated into the mind than can be well conceived.

One of the best anecdotes recorded of George IV., when Prince of Wales, was his kind manner of defeating a trick of the kind referred to. A very vain man received a card of invitation to dine with him. It was so regularly drawn up, though a hoax, that it secured him admission. But when the Prince came to see his guests, he discovered that "there was one mistake;" and on producing his card this was still more clear. But the Prince insisted on his remaining, on the ground that every gentleman was welcome to his house, and so the trick was defeated. Even in cases of this kind there is more or less of envy, jealousy or malice, and frequently not a little cowardice at the bottom.

But when the anonymous communication assumes the character, not of a joke, but of seriousness, it is a much more reprehensible matter. Even if what is said is all strictly true, a question at once suggests itself as to the motive—why be ashamed to avow authorship, unless it is something the writer has no right to communicate? Perhaps it is told only to wound in a most dastardly, cruel manner. But they who will do this seldom confine themselves to the truth. They cannot if they would. Their jaundiced eyes will discolor everything, and the person written to has no means of proving or disproving for himself what is said. If the recipient is a wise man, therefore, he takes no notice of it in action, although it may and must torment him with suspicions of many of his friends.

Sooner or later the author is almost certainly to be detected. No one can so disguise even their own handwriting but that the crossing of a ? or the dot of an i, or some such trivial peculiarities may afford a clue. Much less can a person disguise circumstances. When Professor Webster was tried for the murder of Dr. Parkman, a considerable portion of the evidence that brought home the crime to him, was the various anonymous attempts he had made to divert the search into wrong directions.

The only plausible case of justifiable anonymous communication is where the party writing acts from deep friendship, to put some innocent person on his guard and further justice, having no malignity against any one. But this will rarely be believed, and then why not avow authorship? Nothing but some great personal danger to the author could justify a concealment by an honorable man. The want of an authority ought generally to prevent such a communication receiving the attention the truths it conveys would naturally demand. Even in war friendly information so conveyed ought to be of facts, all easily and clearly ascertainable, their own vouchers—not inferences or reasoning or surmises, without name or proof. There is one evil in almost all cases of anonymous communication that cannot be averted, i. e. that the wrong person is for a time so often suspected. He who receives it knows that some one did it, and may suspect twenty of his best friends; really become suspicious from any of them, or revenge

himself on the wrong man. In fact the community is harassed, insulted, divided, and justice defeated, perhaps by a little want of candor and courage on the part of one person.

But there is one description of evils that should be always borne in mind by the person who sits down deliberately to write an anonymous letter intended to make trouble. It may destroy the love and confidence existing between parent and child or husband and wife. It may utterly destroy the happiness of whole families, and break up homes that were peaceful and joyful until the pernicious anonymous letter was received. The circle of mischief, discord and trouble is always widening in such cases, and it is thus impossible for the writer to calculate all the evil and crime which their malicious letter may set in motion. The lines that run so glibly from their pen may have for their final catastrophes such fearful events as suicide or murder. How the writers of such epistles would shrink back in fright if they could foresee such results! Therefore we say that no person should write anonymous letters under any circumstances; certainly no good, brave or wise man or woman should descend to such work. In almost all cases where such secret communications are usually made from proper motives, a frank and avowed disclosure of what ought to be known is the best mode, and where that is out of the question the true policy is silence.

Wait!
Wait a moment, young man, before you throw that money down on the bar and demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask yourself if twenty-five cents cannot be better invested in something else. Put it back in your pocket, and give it to the little cripple who sells matches on the corner. Take our word for it you will not be sorry!

Wait, madame—think twice before you decide on that hundred-dollar shawl! A hundred dollars is a great deal of money; one dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of good it will accomplish, in careful hands. Your husband's business is uncertain; there is a financial crisis close at hand. Who knows what that hundred dollars may be to you yet?

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breast pin you are surveying so earnestly through the jeweler's plate glass windows. Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wedding-ring made to fit a rosy finger that you wot of. A shirt neatly ironed, and stockings darned like lace work, are better than gilt brooches and flaming amethysts. You can't afford to marry? You mean, you can't afford not to marry? Wait, and think the matter over!

Wait, mother, before you speak harshly to the little chubby rogue who has torn his apron and soiled his white Marseilles jacket. He is only a child, and "mother" is the sweetest word in all the world to him. Needle and thread and soapuds will repair all damages now, but if you once teach him to shriek from his mother, and hide away his childish faults, that damage cannot be repaired!

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with family cares and household responsibilities "as your mother did." She is doing her best—and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed on you when you had that long fit of illness; do you think she is made of cast iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes, the old light of the old days?

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary, and "out of sorts." He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled, hand to hand, with Care and Selfishness and Greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely; let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love!

Wait, bright young girls, before you arch your pretty eyebrows, and whisper "old maid" as the quiet figure steals by, with silver in his hair and crow's-feet round the eyes. It is hard enough to lose life's gladness and elasticity—it is hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn! You do not know what she has endured, you never can know until experience teaches you, so wait before you sneer at the old maid.

room to your house; and buy the fast horse that Black and White and all the rest of the "fellows" covet. Wait, and think whether you can afford it—whether your outstanding bills are all paid and your liabilities fully met, and all the chances and changes of life duly provided for. Wait, and ask yourself how you would like, ten years from now to see your fair wife struggling with poverty, your children shabby and want stricken, and yourself a miserable hanger-on round corner groceries and one-horse gambling saloons. You think that is impossible; do you remember what Hazael said to the seer of old: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Wait, merchant, before you tell the pale-faced boy from the country "that you can do nothing for him." You can do something for him; you can give him a word of encouragement, a word of advice. There was a time once, when you were young, and poor, and friendless! Have you forgotten it already?

Wait, blue-eyed lassie; wait awhile before you say "yes" to the dashing young fellow who says he can't live without you. Wait until you have ascertained "for sure and for certain" as the children say, that the cigar and the wine-bottle, and the card table are not to be your rivals in his heart; a little delay won't hurt him—just see if it will! And wait, my friend in the brown moustache; don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda, until you are sure that she will be kind to your old mother, and gentle with your little sisters, and a true loving wife to you, instead of a mere puppet who lives on the breath of fashion and excitement, and regards the sunny side of Broadway as second only to Elysium! As a general thing, people are in too great a hurry in this world, we say, wait, wait!—*Phrenological Journal.*

Stuff for Smiles.

A social posy—the dandy lion.
Spiritual Manifestations.—Pimples on a toper's nose.

Men may live in a crowd but they must die alone.
Murmurs of the tied—married people's complaints.

Female gymnastics—jumping at an offer.
The oldest case of lunacy—time out of mind.

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.
When you give a piece of your mind take care it's not the biggest piece.

A delighted hearer observed of a very brilliant talker that the flash of his wit was followed close by the peal of applause.

Why is the Great Eastern like a newborn babe? Because she is going to Brest (breast) for the first time.

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man? Because both fail to get rich.

How does the Irish Cupid inflict his wounds? With his "Arrah, be jabbers."

"If," as the poet says, "beauty draws us with a single hair," then what—oh, tell us what!—must be the effect of a modern chignon?

Could anything be neater than the negro's reply to a young lady whom he offered to lift over a gutter? "Lor, missus" said he, "I'm used to lifting barrels of sugar."

"Biddy, did you put an egg into the coffee to settle it?" "I put in four; they were so bad, I had to use the more of them." Biddy was cleared out.

A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. Job Squires says he has known ladies to live twice that long with nothing but balls in their heads.

A lady wished a suitor. A portly handsome gentleman brought one and seated her. "Oh, you are a jewel," said she. "Oh, no," replied he, "I am a jeweller. I have just set the jewel."

"Look here, boy," said a gentleman to an arch, who was munching sugar candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No, I ain't neither," said the arch, "I'm a gnawing the erga candy."

George III. speaking to the Archbishop Sutton of his large family, used the expression, "I believe your grace has better than a dozen?" "No, sir," replied the Archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," replied the King, "is not that better than a dozen?"

For The Mariettian.

Taste not the Wine.
"Taste not the wine within the cup,
Let not that cuise be thine,
'Tis rich and red, but grief and woe
Are hid its rosy depths below."

For many years the awful evils of intemperance have been published, able writers, eloquent speakers have been engaged in portraying the evils, but still it continues, blasting the hopes of parents, filling our jails, hospitals and almshouses, causing the bitter tears of wives and children, once happy, to flow, with awful groans and aching hearts. The cause of Temperance has, in many instances, made happy homes that was once gloomy and sad. But a great deal is yet to be done, and who is willing to lend a helping hand to overturn this "mass of sin"? I call upon children to come to the rescue. They can tear up the "Uvas tree" by the roots. Let the little hands go to work, and then with a "long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether" the tree of death must come out, and lay before the public grave a withering curse; showing what united little hands do. Hear what a "reformed drunkard" once said before a "Band of Hope Temperance Society": "I have come twelve miles to attend this meeting, yet I do not value my time, I feel rewarded by what I see around me. My friends, I have seen more of the world than most of you. I have trod the streets of proud old London; and the winds of distant India have fanned these furrowed cheeks of mine. My keel has been upon every sea, and my name upon every tongue. Heaven blessed me with one of the best of wives—and my children; oh, why should I speak of them. My home was once a paradise. But I bowed, like a brute, to the killing cup—my eldest son tore himself away from his degraded father, and has never returned. My young heart's idol, my beloved and suffering wife, has gone broken hearted to her grave. And my lovely daughter, whose image I seem to see in the beautiful around me, once my pride and my hope, pined away in sorrow and mourning, because her father was a drunkard, and now she sleeps by her mother's side. But I still live to tell the history of my shame, and the ruin of my family. I still live, and stand before you to offer up my heart's fervent gratitude to my heavenly Father, that I have been snatched from the brink of the drunkard's grave. I live to be a sober man. And while I live, I shall struggle to restore my wandering brethren again to the bosom of society. This form of mine is wasting and bending under the weight of years. But my young friends, you are just blooming into life; the places of your fathers and mothers will soon be vacant. See that you come up to fill them with pure hearts and anointed lips. Bind the blessed pledge firmly to your hearts; and be it the Shibboleth of life's warfare!"

Here we have something to cheer us in our labor of love. Come Father, come Mother, bring your children to sign the pledge. Let this be done, and it will not be long before the darkness and woe that Intemperance has brought upon us shall be dissipated with the bright sun of peace and prosperity. Then the shouts of those snatched from a drunkard's grave shall go up, causing the hearts of all who labored hard and long, in the good cause, to be made glad.
J. M. C.

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a young college friend, who was more addicted to boating and cricketing than to hard study; "you really ought to learn to write better." "Ay, ay!" returned the young man, "it is well enough for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."

An editor, hailing from the Badger State, makes his appeal for sympathy:—"We cannot help thinking how much easier an editor's life might be made if his generous patrons could only bear his 'batter half' scraping at the bottom of the flour barrel! A man that can write editorials with such music sounding in his ears, can easily walk the telegraph wires and turn somersaults in the branches of a thorn bush."

Pilgrim Rock has been called the corner-stone of civilization. The Irishman's toast at a New England dinner: "Plymouth Rock, the blarney stone of America."

"I'm afraid you'll come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply; "I want your daughter."